

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Tempest.

"And there arose a great storm," etc.—MARK 4:36-9.

TIBERIAS, Galilee, Gennesaret.—Three names for the same lake. No other gem ever had so beautiful a setting. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, grooved, so many hanging gardens of beauty, the waters tumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills and bounding into the sea. On the shore, were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful; all sorts of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other place in all the world, from the palm-tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of

BEAUTY ON ALL THE SCENE,

and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing the lake, and countrymen in fish-snacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a wonderful, what a beautiful lake!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little

EXCITEMENT UP THE BEACH,

and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor pirate vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize; but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life and light and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting

THE MASTER ASLEEP.

And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and His head touched the pillow, than He is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother. Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Turn up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes on with great stride, and all the terrors of

HURRICANE AND DARKNESS.

The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the howling great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like pellets poised on the cliff of the waves and then plunge.

Over-board go cargo, tackling, and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto Him, "Master, earnest Thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky, and another for the waves. Looking upward, He cries, "Peace!" Looking downward, He says "Be still."

THE TEMPEST FALLS DEAD,

and Christ stands with His feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

I. The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have

CHRIST WITH THE SHIP;

for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises. I bid you good cheer. Do all you can do. Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be a stoker in the ship, if you can be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment, if you can command a brigade; you have no right to be engineer of a boat on river banks, or near the coast, if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, you are bound to do, but, oh, have Christ in every enterprise, Christ in every voyage. Christ in every ship.

There are men who ask God to help them at

THE START OF GREAT ENTERPRISES.

He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainty of life. He has no God to help him. After a while the storm comes, and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life-boat and the long-boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help

him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. There may be in it Arctic blasts, or tropical torridities; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well.

You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but when sorrow hovers over the soul, when

THE WAVES OF TRIAL.

dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Young man, take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

II. But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they

MUST NOT EXPECT SMOOTH SAILING.

These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said, "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! and as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down, and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it, so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then the disciples of Jesus Christ ought to have had such a departure and such a life.

St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were

ALL TOSSED IN THE TEMPEST!

John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go to history when I can come into this audience to-day and find a score of illustrations of the truth of this subject. That young man in the store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity, the young men in the same store antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying, "You're a pretty Christian." Does this young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Here is a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; can she hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers? Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, dear! who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way.

The question was asked, "Who are those nearest the throne?" and the answer came back, "These are they who came up out of great tribulation"—great failing, as the original has it; great failing, great pounding—"and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! Oh, child of God take courage! You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all these trials, and He will deliver you.

III. My subject also impresses me with the fact that sometimes

GOOD PEOPLE GET FRIGHTENED.

In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, earnest Thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much frightened. Perhaps more.

In all ages very good people get very much frightened. It is often so in our day, and men say, "Why look at the bad lectures; look at the spiritualistic societies; look at the various errors going over the Church of God; we are going to founder; the Church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are afflicted by inquiry in our day, and think the Church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much frightened as the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though inquiry were going to triumph over righteousness.

A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering his paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern, and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread is spun until the whole front of the cavern is covered with spiders' web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself; he shakes his mane; he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spiders' web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and scepticism about Jesus Christ.

HE SEEMS TO BE SLEEPING.

They say we have captured the Lord; He will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the Tribe of Judah will rouse Himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get frightened in other respects; they are frightened in our day about revivals. They say: Oh, this is a strong religious going; we are afraid the Church of God is going to be afraid, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the Church that are going to be of no use to it!" and they

are affrighted whenever they see a revival in the churches.

As though a ship captain with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo should say some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all cargo!" and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard!" Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the Last Day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that these gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England and Robert McChoyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century there broke out

A REVIVAL AT SOMERVILLE, N. H., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the Church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival! Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn assembly, and he said: "This, brethren, is really the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff, a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and began to let it fall very slowly, through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou hypocrite, thou art falling now—falling away from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling away from all that thou art falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious

EMOTION IN THE AUDIENCE.

was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly, and said: "But the grace of God can stop you, as I stopped that cane;" and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service: "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for the gales from heaven, and Christ on board the ship! The danger of the Church of God lies

in revivals.

IV. Again my subject impresses me with the fact that

JESUS WAS GOD AND MAN.

In the same being. Here He is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired He looks! What an anxious He looks! Look at His countenance. He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him. He is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep; He is a man! But then, find Christ at the prow of the boat; hear Him say: "Peace, be still;" and see the storm kneeling at His feet, and the tempests folding their wings in His presence; He is a God!

If I have sorrow and trouble and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat, and say: "Oh, Christ! weary One of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, Man of Nazareth, Man of the Cross." A man, a man! But I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death, and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down and I say: "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief; hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!" A man, a man, a God, a God!

V. I learn once more from this subject that

CHRIST CAN HUSH A TEMPEST.

It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts His foot on the storm, and it crouches at His feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest.

You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolate castle, the owls of the night hooting among the falling arches and the crumbling stairways.

Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with

YOUR TROUBLES.

She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand you will do no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the closet, or in the pocket, didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle, or in the country church. Or, your property gone, you said: "I have so much bank stock, I have so many Government securities, I have so many houses. I have so many farms—all gone."

Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled their thunder, all the shipwrecks have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ hushed the tempest. Your little one was taken away. Christ says: "I have that little one in My keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, oh, bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this life and try to take hold of

the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking

ON THE SURGES OF DEATH;

all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears; calm, satisfied, peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well. Jesus hushing the tempest.

"Into the harbor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last. We're home at last, home at last. We're home at last, home at last. We're home at last, home at last. We're home at last, home at last."

THE FIZZLING FOUNTAIN.

A Druggist Becomes Communicative.

The fizz of the soda water is now heard at every turn, and the sign "ice cold soda" is conspicuously displayed. An experienced druggist became communicative recently and disclosed a few facts relative to the mode of manufacture and the profit in the business. "This fountain," he said, "is not a very fancy one, but it cost me \$350. The generator in the cellar is worth \$200, and with the incidentals the whole cost will be \$300. A fancy fountain, with mirrors, double draught tubes and other fine fixtures, will increase the cost in some instances to \$1,000. There are not many of that class in this city."

"How about the manufacture?" "Well, it doesn't amount to much. The ingredients are a half bucket of soda, a quart of sulphuric acid, water and a little work. This represents quite an amount of gas and water, and will result in about \$15 worth of soda water at a cent per glass. Of course, we have to include syrup in that, but the total cost of a glass of soda water will not be much more than 2 cents, thus making a profit of over 100 per cent."

"What composes the syrup?" "To manufacture the syrup we take about twenty pounds of sugar and ten gallons of water. We do not boil it, but make what is known as cold syrup. Syrup alone will not cause a froth when the soda water is poured into it, and we therefore add gelatine in sufficient quantity. The more gelatine the longer the froth will remain. Some people like to let it settle before drinking, and once used too much gelatine, and the average drinker would not wait long enough for that foam to go down, as it stood up like a tramp at a free lunch counter."

"What class of people are the best patrons?" "By the middle and better made, and we have customers who drink their soda water with as much regularity as they eat their meals. We have in particular a young lady who makes three trips here daily during the season and drinks soda water with a staid summer she did not miss one day, Sunday not excepted. Of course it cost her something, and I would feel safe in saying there is not another girl in St. Louis who has swallowed as much soda, sulphuric acid and syrup as this one. She is healthy, and I think it had no bad effect on her. Have a drink?"

Salisbury Close.

Salisbury Cathedral was my first love among all the wonderful ecclesiastical buildings which I saw during my earlier journey. I looked forward to seeing it again with great anticipations of pleasure, which were more than realized.

Our traveling host had taken a whole house in the Close—a privileged enclosure, containing the cathedral, the bishop's palace, houses of the clergy, and a limited number of private residences, one of the very best of which was given over entirely into the hands of our party during our visit. The house was about as near the cathedral as Mr. Flower's house, where we stayed at St. John-on-Avon, was to the Church of the Holy Trinity. It was very completely furnished and in the room assigned to me as my library I found books in various languages, showing that the residence was that of a scholarly person.

If one had to name the apple of the eye of England I think he would be likely to say that Salisbury Cathedral was as near as he could come to it, and that the white of the eye was Salisbury Close. The cathedral is surrounded by a high wall, the gates of which—its eyes—are closed every night at a seasonable hour, at which the virtuous inhabitants are expected to be in their beds and quiet quarters. Houses within this hallowed precinct naturally bring a higher rent than those of the unsanctified and unprotected region outside of its walls. It is a realm of peace, glorified by the divine edifice, which lifts the least imaginative soul upward to the heavens its spire seems trying to reach; beautified by rows of noble chimneys which stretch high aloft, as if in emulation of the spire; beautified by holy memories of the good and great men who have worn their lives out in the service of the Church of which it is one of the noblest temples.

Truth may be called an exact science, by the application of which all falsehood and imposition shall finally be detected and exiled from the earth.

When a man and woman undertake to lead together a life of "plain living and high thinking" the brunt of the struggle always must fall on the woman.

M. Horre Mangon has lately presented a report to the Academy of Sciences concerning a recent balloon ascent at Mendon. The balloon was under the direction of Captain Renards, and although it moved against the wind, it easily followed the course along which it was steered. It was then veered around and brought back to the point from which it started.

GIVING A LIGHT.

The Manners of Spanish, German, English and American Smokers.

There is a certain variety in the manner of giving and taking a light for a cigar that is interesting to all smokers. The Italians and French successfully copy the Spanish style, which is the most graceful and elegant of all, the only possible objection to it being that it may sometimes carry politeness beyond a reasonable range. But, after all, it is simple and friendly enough. The Spaniard bows and asks his neighbor for a light. The latter, returning the bow, immediately presents him with his cigar, holding out the lighted end at a slight angle between the thumb and second finger. The other takes the cigar and, after procuring the needed fire from it, reverses it skillfully and returns it, the entire operation being accompanied by another graceful bow, and each raises his hat as he turns to go away. The Spaniard always smokes through his nose. He considers it extravagant to waste any good smoke through his mouth, and inveterate smokers in all countries agree with him.

The German is more polite in asking for a light than he is in giving it. Even with the best intentions, in the later case his efforts have all the appearance of reluctance. Sometimes, when his cigar is smoked down nearly far enough, he will throw it away immediately after granting a request for fire.

This among the Latins is considered rude and boorish in the extreme, and is sometimes regarded as positively insulting.

The average Englishman hesitates before he gives a light, and finally acts as if he had achieved a mighty feat in condescension. Instead of lifting his hat, his hand is more likely to go into his pocket, and he is apt to give a parting puff with an air of indignation as he stalks away. Possibly this comes from the fact that he never asks for a light himself, and is always well armed with matches.

The American, of late, seems to be somewhat averse to letting anyone take a light from his cigar. He takes it for granted that it must be much better than his neighbor's, and not wishing to contaminate it, he answers an appeal for fire with a match. Sometimes he politely lights the match, and in such cases he presents it with an air good enough for any Spaniard. But this somewhat new custom may possibly be of Irish parentage. The Irish peasant always strikes a match for his fireless friend or fellow traveler, and even in a gale of wind he will hold a lighted match in the hollow of his hands and humorously issue orders for the capture of the previous flame.

The giving or taking of a light for a cigar is a small affair, but little things often reveal a great deal of the character, disposition and breeding of men. It should always be offered cheerfully and taken politely. In this country it need not be done with that extreme politeness and elegance which may be said to be the exclusive property of the Latins, and which is probably beyond the reach of colder and more sober races; but it should be accompanied by that good fellowship which is governed by common sense, the foundation of all politeness.

Spanish Peasant Women.

Female labor is utilized in every department of life here in northern Spain, and yet work does not seem to be a heritage of woe to these peasant women, says a correspondent. They chatter and laugh with burdens on their back that a donkey could scarcely carry. They work in the fields besides their husbands or fathers, and plough and sow and reap. They carry the farm or garden produce to the market town; go to mill; drive the ox team and take part in the laborious duties of farm life beyond the mere care of the household. Not only in the field but in the shop, the wine room and hotel does she more than share the responsibility. Women are the business men, I may say, of the Basque provinces. They are the hotel and store clerks; they not only knit and plait and sew, but they sell fish and peddle fat pullets from door to door in a big basket fastened to their backs. As a consequence, there are few delicate, thin faced women and girls, and an invalid must trace her trouble to the circumstances of birth.

And what do the men do? you ask. Well, they finish up what the women can't do, and put in the balance of their spare time playing cards, dominoes and drinking red wine to their favorite veno, or pot-house. They are a careless, indolent set, and leave everything pretty much to their wives. At Bayonne, on my way south, I heard three Spanish women in the railway depot carrying on like a trio of furies at a fourth, who sat and took it all, getting in a shot whenever she could in return. The husband of the latter smoked a cigarette in peace, with his legs dangling over a luggage counter ten yards away, and never once offering to come to his wife's rescue against unequal numbers. The last I saw of the party at Hendaye, the women were spitting spite and making faces at one another, and the husband was lazily settling himself for a nap in the corner of the waiting-room, pending the appearance of the Spanish train for the south.

The Journey of Life.

Ten thousand human beings start together on their journey. After ten years one third at least have disappeared. At the middle points of the common measure of life but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster as the ranks grow thinner they that remain till now become weary, and lie down to rise no more. At ninety they have reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One fingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again and the journey of life is finished.

If sleep be thorough, a short spell will do more good than a much longer duration of sleep that is incomplete and imperfect both in its nature and in its effect.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

But one child—a daughter—had blessed the union of Mr. and Mrs. Bumblethorp. She ripened into womanhood, but in ripening she had developed few of those feminine charms calculated to attract suitors, and there were indications that she would die an old maid if her life was spared. How to secure a husband for her was the great problem in the mind of Mrs. B., which she was continually revolving indignantly, sometimes, that her husband seemed to give himself no concern about it.

But a grave subject monopolized the thoughts of Mr. B. He contemplated building a new barn that should eclipse any that his neighbors possessed. He had thought to be the architect of his own barn as he had been of his own fortune, and had drawn up and torn up innumerable plans for it. But nothing he could devise afforded satisfaction.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Bumblethorp sat together in their snug little sitting-room. Mr. B.'s thoughts were on the barn, as usual, and Mrs. B. was thinking of her daughter and the wariness of suitors.

At length Bumblethorp sprang to his feet and exclaimed abruptly:

"By George, I believe I will advertise for proposals."

"Advertise for proposals?" cried Mrs. B., struck all of a heap, as she afterwards expressed it; "why, Bumblethorp, what would the neighbors say to that?"

"Say, my dear? No matter what they say. It's none of their business, anyhow. Besides, it's not at all unusual. Such things are done every day."

"Yes," said Mrs. B., thoughtfully. "I've seen advertisements of that kind in the papers," and she picked up a paper to see if her eye would fall upon one, "but folks do not sign their real names, do they? Something like this would be better: 'A young man of good family and steady habits can hear of something to his advantage by addressing, Mother-in-law.'"

"Mother-in-law? Fiddlesticks! You don't know what you are talking about. I shall sign my own name. Them fellows know who Caleb Bumblethorp is, I reckon."

"Them fellows, Mr. Bumblethorp?" "Yes, the fellows that we want to reach. Money's what they're after, you know, and they'll send in their proposals by the next mail."

"How many—er—proposals do you think we'll get?" asked Mrs. B., who began to see an opportunity for making an eligible selection, though she didn't quite like that way of doing the business.

"A dozen like as not. But the more the merrier. I shall ask for plans and specifications of course, before selecting one."

"Plans and specifications!" exclaimed Mrs. B., more and more bewildered. "That's what I said. We must have plans mustn't we?"

"Of course," assented Mrs. B., who had been doing nothing else but revolving plans for several years back.

"In the first place," continued Mr. B., "there must be a good solid foundation."

"You mean pedigree." "Now you are thinking about the stable, but we will consider that afterwards. The next thing desirable is a good, strong frame. I shall insist on a strong frame, and it must be thoroughly braced up."

"But I thought you didn't believe in bracing up," said Mrs. B., quite shocked at such a radical change of sentiment on the part of her husband, who was an unbending, total abstinence man.

"Mrs. B., I don't see what you are thinking of. A brace here and there is absolutely necessary, and a man who knows his business will put it in."

"Perhaps—perhaps you mean embrace," said Mrs. B., coloring a little.

"Embrace!" echoed Mr. B. with some surprise. "Then he added testily, 'See here, mother, I don't want any of your weak puns over the business. This comes of reading them funny papers.'"

Mrs. B. rested silent and abashed. After some moments reflection he resumed: "How many stories can we get along with?"

"Good gracious! Bumblethorp," cried Mrs. B., in genuine alarm, "can't we have one without any stories attached? These stories are passed about from mouth to mouth, and then they get into the newspapers, you know. It will be terribly mortifying to Celia Ann."

"Mortifying to Celia Ann? I really believe you are getting crazy. Stories are necessary if you want one that will hold a good deal."

"Hold a good deal, Mr. Bumblethorp?" "You know what I mean. I want one that is able to stow away lots of fodder."

"Why, I never heard you go on like that before. Do you want a gourmand for a son-in-law?"

"Gourmand? Son-in-law? Who's talking about a son-in-law?"

"Why, you are, ain't you? You know I've been trying year in and year out to marry off Celia Ann, and didn't you say just now that you were going to advertise for proposals?"

"Yes, I did," said Mr. B., "a light suddenly bursting upon him."

"Well, what did you mean by it?"

"I meant," said Bumblethorp, purple from suppressed laughter, "proposals for building my new barn!" and then he had to run out to the back yard where he could give vent to his mirth in order to avoid sudden apoplexy.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit, for how should he love ten thousand men who never loved one?

It is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

The man to whom virtue is but the ornament of character, something over and above, not essential to it, is not yet a man.